

The Mirror

OF

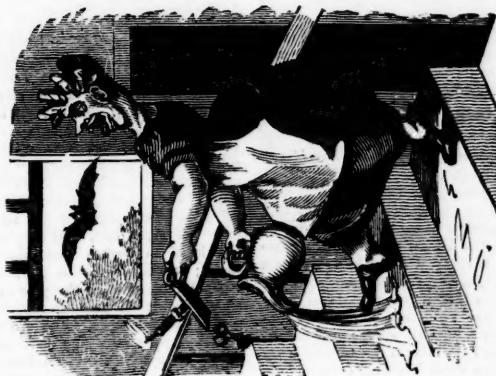
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 869.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[PRICE 2d.]

Spirit of the Annuals for 1838.



(Bat and Hawk.)

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.



(Emigration: Swan-lapping.)

VOL. XXX.

2 F

869

The Comic Annual.

By Thomas Hood, Esq.

[We have already reported on this genuine comic tome, the ninth, but, we hope not, the last, of the series; for, in these parlous times, an unit of such mirth would be missed indeed. The preface opens thus:—]

"There are nine muses to a poet; nine tailors to a man; nine points of the law to 'one possessed'; nine lives to a cat; nine tails to a flogging; nine points to an agony of whist; nine diamonds to Pope Joan; nine ninepins to a bowl; nine cheers to a toast; and now there are nine Comic Annuals to the set.

"Whatever may be the mystic influence of the witching number—

"Thrice to thine,
And thrice to mine,
And three again to make up Nine!"

"My little work is now within its sphere. The cycle is complete; the tything time is come; and, like Rudolph's seventh bullet, my ninth volume is now at evil behest. In what manner the Weird Sisters will choose to do their wicked will with it, is past sounding; but, of course, they will try their best or worst to turn it into a work of darkness. They are notorious jugglers, practising on the senses with shows and unreal mockeries; and I feel as if the coldest wind of the Brocken were blowing over me, to think what diabolical appearances they may cause my book to assume."

[We are glad to find that Mr. Hood has really shot folly as it has flown during the present, now almost past, year. Thus, we find capital hits at Patronage in a letter to the Prime Minister for a place; and sparkling squibs upon Animal Magnetism, Emigration, Clubs, and Horticultural fantasies. The opening paper, the Carnaby Correspondence, has been already quoted in part; it humourously shadows out the inefficiency of certain establishments where young gentlemen are "boarded, lodged, and done for." A Rise at the Father of Angling is a long line rhymes on the cockney sport. Our quotation shall be from the paper illustrated by the annexed cut, Swan-hopping.]

Animal Magnetism.

"Charlatan is rising in public favour, and has many backers, who back him to win."—*Sporting Intelligence.*

Of all the signs of the times—considering them literally as *signs*, and the public literally as "a *public*"—there are none more remarkable than the Hahnemann's Head, the Crown and Compasses, devoted to Gall and Spurzheim's entire,—and the Cock and Bull, that hangs out at the house of call for animal magnetizers. The last concern, especially—a daring, glaring, flaring, gin-

palace-like establishment—is a moral phenomenon. That a tap, dispensing a raw, heady, very unrectified article, should obtain any custom whatever, in a reputed genteel and well-lighted neighbourhood, seems quite impossible; yet such is the incomprehensible fact;—respectable parties, scientific men, and even physicians, in good practice in all other respects, have notoriously frequented the bar, from which they have issued again, walking all sorts of ways at once, or more frequently falling asleep on the steps, but still talking such "rambling skimbleskamble stuff" as would naturally be suggested by the incoherent visions of a drunken man. Such exhibitions, however, are comparatively rare in London, to their occurrence in Paris, which city has always taken the lead of our capital in matters of novelty. It is asserted by a good authority, that at a French concern, in the same line, no less than seventy-eight "medical men, and sixty-three other very intelligent individuals," became thoroughly muzzy and mistified, and so completely lost all "*clairvoyance*" of their own, that they applied to an individual to read a book and a letter to them; to tell them the hour on their own watches; to mention the pips on the cards; and, by way of putting the state of their "intuitive foresight" beyond question, they actually appealed to the backsight of a man who was sound asleep! A bout on so large a scale has not been attempted hitherto, in the English metropolis; but as all fashions transplanted from Paris flourish vigorously in our soil, it is not improbable that we may yet see a meeting of the College of Physicians rendered very how-come-you-so indeed by an excess of Mesmer's "particular." The influence of such an example could not fail to have a powerful influence on all classes; and a pernicious narcotic would come into general use; the notorious effect of which is to undermine the reason of its votaries, and rob them of their common senses. To avert such a national evil, surely demands the timely efforts of our philanthropists; and, above all, of those persons who have set their faces against the Old Tom—not of Lincoln, but of London—and in their zeal for the public sobriety, aim at even converting the brewers' kilderkins into pumpkins.—Seriously, might not the Temperance Societies extend the sphere of their operations, by a whole hemisphere, and perhaps with equal advantage to mankind, by attacking mental dram-drinking, as well as the bodily tipping of ardent spirits? The bewildered rollings, reelings, and idiotic effusions of mere animal drunkenness can hardly be more degrading to rational human beings, than the crazy toddlings and twaddlings of a bemused mind, whether only maudlin with infinitesimal

doses of quackery, or rampant to mad staggers by the *luscious* compounds and Devil's Elixirs of the Mesmerian Distillery. Take the wildest freaks of the most fuddled, muddled, bepuddled sonker,—such as “trying to light his pipe at a pump,”—attempting to wind up a plug with his watch-key,—or requesting, from a damp bed in the gutter, to be tucked in,—and are they a bit, or a whit, or a jot, or a what-not, more absurd, more extravagant, or more indicative of imbecility of reason, than the vagary of a somnambulist, gravely going through the back-gammon of reading Back's Journal, or a back-number of the *Retrospective Review*, through the back of his head?

In case the great Water Companies aluded to should think proper to adopt the foregoing suggestions, the following genuine letters are placed very much at their service, as materials to be worked up into Tracts:—

(Copy.) To Mr. Robert Holland, Linen-Draper, No. 194, Tottenham Court Road, London.

DEAR BOB,

Hoping you are well, and well-doing, we have heard such wonderful accounts in our parts lately about animal magnetizing, without any clear notion what it is.

My own notion is, it must be something new of my Lord Spencer's—Althorp as was—who was always very curious about his beasts.

Others do say the Duke of Bedford, with a fresh cattle show—nobody knows.

Now you are just at the fountain-head to learn, and as most of us down here is more or less engaged in breeding stock, it would be a main thing to be put up to the secret at its first start.

Also whether it is expensive to buy—and who found it out—and if likely to do away with oilcake and mangel wurzel, and such like particulars.

Praise be blest, we are all stout and hearty, except your poor aunt, who died three year ago. Which is all the news at present from,—Dear Bob, your loving uncle, REUBEN OXENHAM.

(Copy.) To Mr. Reuben Oxenham, Grazier, Grasslands, near Lincolnshire.

DEAR UNCLE,

I was agreeably surprised by your breaking silence; for I had made up my mind you was a distressed farmer gone off *swan hopping* (excuse the joke) to Swan River, or to get settled among the Dutch boars and lions at the Cape of Good Hope. Thank heaven such is not the case; though damped with my dear aunt's going off. I little thought, poor soul! the why and wherefore my goose three Christmasses ago was the last! But we must all be cut off

some day or other, which is a religious consolation for the remnants that are left behind.

I have examined, as you desired, a sample of animal magnetism; which turns out to be the reverse of every thing you expect. Indeed, such might have been anticipated by a little forethought on the subject. There is nothing to describe about animals to such as you, that deal in them of all qualities; but it is quite likely that you have forgot all about magnets, since the days of your youth. But, perhaps, when they are named to you, your memory may serve to recollect little bone boxes, at sixpence a piece, with a blackamoor's head a-top, and a little bar of philosopher's steel inside, that points out the north, and sets a needle dancing like mad. It likewise picks up emery, and sticks fast to the blade of a knife. But that is all its powers are competent to—and of course on too small a scale to have any dancing, or lifting, or sticking effect on objects so big as bullocks, or even a pig, or a sheep. Accordingly, you will not be surprised to hear that animal magnetism has nothing at all to do with beasts or loadstones either: but is all of a piece with juggling, quack-salving, and mountebanking, such as universal phisic, spitting Coventry ribbons, tumbling, and posturing, thimble-rig, and the like fabrics. One of the principal tricks is sending people off to sleep against their wills; not so new a trick though, but it has been heard of years and years ago at Bow Street; and easy enough to perform, any day, with a pint of porter,—provided one was rogue enough to want to *hocus-pocus* the money out of other people's pockets into one's own.

To shorten a long story, the *sombamboozleism* lasted for two hours; while Miss Charlot Ann told fortunes in her sleep, and named people's inward complaints, and prescribed for them with her eyes shut. Mine was drowsy; and I was to take antimonious wine three times a-day, to throw the water off my stomach. So, if you like to ask your apothecary, or the parish doctor, they will be able to tell you whether it looks like proper practice or the reverse. For my own part, I mean to suspend myself till I feel more symptoms; and in the meantime I have experimented on myself so far as to try behind my back with the Ready Reckoner. But I could not even see the book, much less make out a figure. To be sure I was broad awake, but it stands to reason that the circumstance only gave the better chance in its favour—at least it has always been reckoned so with a book held the proper natural way. I was the more particular with the book-work, because it looked like the master-key to let you into the whole house: for no doubt, if you can

do *that* trick, you can do all the rest, and have a hare dressed between your shoulders as easily as a blister. But to my mind it is all sham Abraham; or the little boys that go every day with whole satchels full of books at their backs would know rather more about them than they do generally at leaving off school.

Your affectionate nephew,
ROBERT HOLLAND.

The Forget-me-not.

[THIS volume is equal to either of its fifteen predecessors, and will maintain the series in public favour.

Our prose extract is the substance of a lengthy tale, by the Old Sailor, entitled]

THE GRAVESTONE WITHOUT A NAME.

In the romantic village of —, resided a widow lady with her only daughter: it had been their residence for several years; indeed, Ellen Courtney had known no other home, for, in very early life, the death of her father, and the consequent diminution of income, had induced her mother to retire from the world to this secluded but beautiful spot, and here she grew like a simple but lovely flower in purity and in peace. The cottage they inhabited was but of small dimensions, when compared with the mansion in which she had been born, but there was sufficient space for comfort, and they enjoyed that happiness which springs from contentment of mind. An aged domestic, who had lived through a long life in the service of the family, and a maid-servant of younger years, for a considerable length of time made up the whole of their establishment; but, when Ellen had attained the sixteenth anniversary of her birth, a maiden aunt, (who was reported to possess the gift of second sight) came to take up her abode with them.

I must now carry the imagination of my readers to a beautiful summer evening, when the eastern horizon, with its gloomy twilight, offered a striking contrast to the glorious, glowing tints of vermillion and gold that flushed the western sky. It was one of those realities in scenery in which the poet and the painter love to luxuriate; and never was there a spot, even in the bright and rosy clime of Italy, better adapted to the enjoyment of such an evening, than that on which Ellen Courtney resided, and more particularly the small alcove that formed the entrance to the garden at the back part of the cottage, clustering with flowers that wantonly flung their fragrance to the passing winds.

And there stood Ellen, her delicate and finely-proportioned hand resting on the shoulder of a manly-looking youth of some twenty years of age, whose strong arm was twined

round the slender waist of the fair girl, their eyes beaming more and more with the delight of ardent affection, as the deepening shades gradually grew darker and darker to screen them from each other's observation. Nor was the interview less dear in its interests from being a stolen one. Edmund Foster was a noble-looking fellow, one on whom Nature would have conferred an exalted title in her peerage, were she accustomed to make those honorary distinctions. His countenance bespoke the hardy seaman, and, though the expression was that of open candour and benevolence, yet there was at times a look of such fixed determination and scorn of danger, as made him rather the object of reverence than love.

But, who was Edmund Foster? Of his connexions and situation in life Ellen was wholly ignorant; he had rendered her an important service by a timely rescue from the hands of a gang of smugglers, running their crop from the coast.

[We have not space to detail further than to explain that the peril from which Ellen escapes is a terrific affray between two bands of smugglers in a barn-like building; the termination of which is as follows:—]

A loud knocking was heard at the door of the barn, but all was quiet within. A confused noise of voices in high dispute reached poor Ellen's ear, and, in the hope that rescue was near, she would have cried out for help; but the hand pressed heavily on her throat, and its gripe tightened as if the smuggler was apprehensive of her design.

"Move but a limb," whispered he, "and it shall soon stiffen into death. Stir but your tongue, and I will tear it from its roots. One murder has already been committed, and two won't bring a heavier punishment."

The knocking was renewed, and Ellen became sensible of the fact that attempts were making to force an entrance. A slight bustle and whispering took place within the building, and there was that peculiar sound, unlike all others, which was emitted from the preparation of fire-arms by the clicking of locks. "They're here! they're here!" was shouted outside, and then an audible whisper within exclaimed, "Stand steady, lads! 'tis Moody's men; fire by sixes. Juniper, take the first shot; old Badger next. Where is Cold-toast?" *

"I am here," replied the wretch, who was grasping Ellen's neck, and instant recollection told her that the hand of the murderer was upon her. "I am here, at *my* post, and ready to do my office."

"Now, [by the eternal God, villain as you are, if you commit one act of injury upon that innocent girl, I will demand a fearful reckoning!" returned the first, which was answered by a low, stifled laugh of derision.

* Nicknames of the smugglers.

"Come out, ould Badger!" shouted a voice from the outside, as the party were making strenuous efforts to break open the doors. "Come out, you ould varmint; the young Lion is not with you now; we have him caged safe enough;" and again, amidst curses and hammering, the doors shook with the assault.

"Men! the young Lion is not caged," uttered in an under-tone the individual who had issued his directions to the smugglers relative to the order in which they were to fire. "He is here, among you, unshackled and free; be firm, and take steady aim. Do not leave a rascal of the cutter to sup his broth again. We have nothing left but to fight for it."

Ellen became aware that a deadly conflict was at hand. She could see nothing. The smuggler's grasp still compressed her small throat, and the corpse of the murdered man was at her side. Suddenly bright flashes lighted up the building, and the sharp crack of fire-arms echoed round its walls. The entrance had been forced, and the foremost of the assailants had either met their death or fallen dangerously wounded. A discharge of musketry was poured in from the attacking party. Ellen heard the balls as they whistled past her; the shrieks of those in agony and the groans of the dying were mingled with cheers and imprecations. The hand that clutched her tightened for a moment almost to strangulation; there was a convulsive effort to force the spirit from its earthly tenement; Ellen felt that her end was approaching, and in that trying hour she prayed to Him whose ear is never closed; she prayed for succour; and she prayed for pardon from her Maker. No sound escaped her lips; the great name was not upon her tongue; the aspirations were those of the mind; and the fervent petition arose from the deep recesses of the heart. A fresh discharge of fire-arms shook the building—one pistol was fired so close to her that it set fire to her dress—the smuggler's hold relaxed. "I am sold," said he, "but I will not die unrevenged. What treacherous scoundrel is it that has shot me?"

"It is I, your leader," answered his comrade in a tone of defiance; "murderous villain, would you take the life of innocence? you have disobeyed my orders, and you have paid the forfeit. Up, up, young lady! quick! this is no place for you; that rascal cannot detain you now."

"Traitor, vile traitor!" shouted the dying smuggler; "this to your heart, and may it destroy both soul and body!" but, before he could fire his pistol was struck up—the wretch fell a corpse by the side of his victim, and the smuggler chief escaped. Ellen instantly rose, but she was left alone, the companion of the dead. Terrible grew the hand-to-hand contest; the horses broke loose and

ran wildly about, when a lurid glare of light shot up towards the roof, and instantly the whole scene was fearfully revealed. The straw had taken fire; the flames ascended; they ran rapidly along from stack to stack of unthrashed corn, till in a few minutes the desolating element triumphed, and threatened destruction to all within its reach. At length the revenue-men were driven back; the smugglers were victorious; and with considerable difficulty they succeeded in getting out the terrified horses. All were soon mounted and in full speed from the place of conflict, whilst poor Ellen was left amidst the burning pile, almost surrounded by the devouring flames. Self-preservation prompted exertion, but she knew not which way to turn, and death again seemed certain of his prey, when she was raised in the athletic arms of a powerful young man, who bore her off in safety, having sustained but little personal injury, though her upper dress was entirely consumed. Her preserver was Edmund Foster.

[After this eventful night, the lovers had many secret meetings, in one of which they are surprised by admonition of the maiden aunt.]

* * * *

The course of events must now carry me to another scene, and in a different kingdom. It was morning; the sun rose angrily, imparting the reddened hue of his inflamed wrath to the dark clouds that hung upon the horizon, like the mantling curtains of his night's pavilion. The breeze was fresh, approaching to a gale. Within the port of Flushing lay one of those handsome luggers which the well-practised eye of a seaman loves to gaze upon, and more especially if such seaman is in the service of his country, or engaged in the contraband. She was a smuggler. Her hull was painted white, and deep in the water; her working lugs were all ready for setting, and the crew were busily employed in the necessary acts of preparation for sailing. An uncouth, elderly man sat abaft upon the companion, with a long Flemish pipe in his mouth, which he removed occasionally for the purpose of giving orders, or holding conversation with those who were near him, whilst a huge mug of grog was placed by his side, and partaken of equally and freely by all on deck.

"The 'Saucy Suke' will have a fine run to-night, I predicts," said the apparent superior after a long whiff, and the smoke scudding away to leeward, as if from the muzzle of a gun; "here's wind and weather in our favour; the cruisers all snug at anchor, for your 'long-shore groupers' loves to shelter their noses from a rough night-gale. Clap a piece of twine round the fag end of them main halliards, Juniper; lugs in good condition; craft in excellent trim; off she goes

lads; Flamborough Head and the boys all ready."

"Ould Badger has it by heart," rejoined Juniper, laughing, "and mayhap it's all right, for, happy-go-lucky's the best arter all. What time is Young Lion to be aboard?"

"Yonder he stands, upon the key," answered the other, pointing to a young man clothed in canvass trousers, a warm Flushing jacket, with a hairy cap that partly concealed his features. "Well, that youngster be the devil, for sartin. How cleverly he brought us off that night in Saint Marget's barn! it was 'touch and go' with us. We've had many a carouse there, that's true, and now the blackened ruins will sarve for some o' your nonsensical novel-writers to spin a yarn about. They may call it the 'Smuggler's Disaster, or the Tragical eend of Coldtoast the murderer.'" A laugh succeeded this sally, and the hardened veteran went on: "By the hookey, though, Young Lion has been a different sort of fellow since, and he talks of this being his last trip. Well, well, let him bring up wheresomever he likes—the free trade will lose one of its best hands, and ould Dangerfield will never get such another gallant fellow to do his sarvice. See, he is waving for the punt; jump into the boat, Teetotum, and fetch the skipper aboard."

Teetotum, (who with the others will be recognised as old acquaintances), immediately obeyed, and the commander was soon pacing the deck, issuing his directions for getting under way, and in a short space of time the "Saucy Suke" was rattling through the Duerloo channel, bound on an adventurous voyage to England. The lugger was one of the largest of her class, admeasuring nearly two hundred tons, and carrying sixteen guns, with a crew of sixty determined men. The gale blew strong, with a broken cross sea; and as the lovely craft danced over the waters like a flying fish, she threw the spray about as if in sportive play with her native element. The skipper, with watchful and eager eye, not only kept a good look-out on every straining motion of his vessel, but his spy-glass was constantly in his hand, observing every stranger that hove in sight.

It was nearly six bells in the afternoon watch, when a large cutter made her appearance on their weather-beam, standing in for the English coast, and the smuggler instantly knew her to be the Lively, under the flag of the revenue. "She sees us," exclaimed the captain, addressing old Badger, his second in command, "and he will run in with us for the purpose of deception. Never mind, keep her in her course, lad, and steer small."

"Ay, ay," responded old Badger, "we do not fear him; our guns are as heavy as his, and we are better manned; both men and metal would like to do a bit of talking with them chaps."

"I know it," replied the captain, and then added musingly, "still, it will not suit my designs to fight, if I can avoid it; but I will not run away."

That the revenue cutter had recognised the smuggler was evident: the former kept edging off to close the latter, who, however, had the heels of his opponent, and would soon have left her, had not a large ship appeared right ahead, which, by the squareness and nice set of her close-reefed topsails and large courses, Young Lion knew to be a heavy sloop or a frigate a little off the wind. Somewhat chagrined, but nothing daunted, the skipper revolved in his mind what was best to be done. If he ran away before it, he should be carried off from his ground, and the frigate might set a press of canvass that would bring her alongside. If he came to the wind, he must close with the cutter, whose signals were already informing the man of-war that a smuggler was in sight. It is true, he might return towards the port which he had left, but there was still the chance of being intercepted by some of the numerous cruisers that were constantly in these seas: he was dead under the lee of the cutter, but to windward of the ship which had immediately hauled up in chase. Under all circumstances, he came to the wind on the larboard tack, bringing the cutter a handspike's length open on his weather bow; and she, observing the manœuvre, wore round upon the starboard tack, to keep the weather-gage, as well also as to close the lugger. "There is too much sea for the guns to be of any use," exclaimed old Badger, addressing the commander, "but, if the Lively comes to speak us, our small arms may keep 'em civil. We shall soon have a dark night, and then we can bid 'em good by."

"We have nothing to fear," returned the captain; "the Saucy Suke will sail round the cutter in this breeze; our sticks are good, for that new foremast, though it bends a little, carries the canvass well. We will hold on to the wind till dark, and then keep our course again."

The two vessels were now rapidly approaching each other; the cutter hoisted her ensign at the peak, and swallow-tailed flag at the mast head; the lugger showed the horizontal tricolours of Holland on her mizen-staff. The Lively edged down towards her opponent, well knowing her character and the determined and daring men she had to deal with. Affairs were in this position; the cutter had reached within musket-shot; the lugger's crew, excepting the captain, old Badger, and a few hands to tend the sheets, were sheltering (fire-arms in hand) below, when a short, broken sea struck the Saucy Suke on her bow. There was a cracking and crashing of spars, and the new foremast lay in splintered wreck over the side; the fore yard-arm passing through the mainsail, and rending it

from clew to ear-ring. The cutter beheld the catastrophe, and a loud shout came down upon the breeze across the waters to the embarrassed smugglers. The shout was, however, promptly returned, as the crew of the lugger turned to with hearty good will to repair the damages as well as it was possible to do so. The cutter passed within hail, and a musket-shot, whether by design or accident, struck old Badger, and wounded him in the arm. The smugglers, inflamed with resentment, immediately returned the fire, and a smart engagement ensued, in which several on both sides were killed and wounded.

Young Lion saw his men fall with feelings approaching to raddened desperation; he knew himself more than a match for the cutter, but he looked at the wreck of the foremast as it was cut clear from the side and went astern; he saw the frigate was creeping up to windward, and, therefore, he determined to run for it. The tattered main lug was shifted for a sail of much larger dimensions, and, putting up the helm, the lugger was placed as near before the wind as could be allowed without danger of gibing. Away she went over the green seas, nearly burying her bows beneath the waves; the cutter followed in her wake, firing as long as she was within reach of musketry, and many a stout fellow was driven wounded from the helm. The frigate had also borne up and shaken out her reefs, but the Saucy Suke outsailed them both, till, darkness veiling the sky and ocean, and a jury foremast having been rigged, she once more stood in for the British coast. But the wind fell, and a thick fog came on, which at first the smugglers deemed favourable, and probably it would have been so, had not Fate decreed that the career of the Saucy Suke should be at an end.

The lugger had rounded to for the purpose of sounding, when a heavy shock upon the quarter, that nearly threw her on her beam ends, told them they had been run foul of, and a cutter's bowsprit between their two after-masts informed them of the character of the vessel which had struck them. At first, consternation reigned in both vessels, but a few minutes served to change the feeling into deadly animosity, when each discovered their old opponent—the Lively and the Smuggler. Forgetting their immediate danger, forgetting all but the hatred they mutually bore, both parties closed in deadly strife. The revenue men boarded and were repulsed; and the smugglers, in their eagerness to drive them back, followed the retreating enemy to the Lively's deck. Old Badger fought with desperation, till the commander of the cutter put a pistol-ball through his head, which was immediately retaliated by Young Lion passing his sword through the heart of the captain of the Lively, and the cutter surrendered. The heavy booming of an eighteen-pounder at no

great distance startled the smugglers, who, in an almost sinking state, cut themselves clear of the conquered craft. But the cutter's bowsprit had split the mainsail, and, before they could shift it for the great one, a partial clear showed them the frigate close aboard of them, and all hopes of escape were at an end. In another quarter of an hour, the Saucy Suke was prize to his Majesty's ship the Fiscard, and which, as soon as the lugger's damages were repaired, stood with her for the Downs.

The daring band of outlaws were sent to Maidstone jail, where they were tried for murder, and, being convicted, received various sentences, some to be transported for life, and others to an ignominious death, and amongst the latter was the smuggler chief, Young Lion, who was sworn to as having killed the captain of the cutter.

But, to return to Ellen. After Edmund's departure, she had frequently heard from him, and his letters breathed the pure spirit of affection. Hope revived her pleasing anticipations of his return, and the last letter she received had fixed the period when they were to meet again. The time arrived, and passed away; days, weeks, rolled on, and yet he came not, and her heart sickened and sickened, as continued disappointment marred her expectations.

It was on a cold morning of January that business called aunt Margaret to Dover, and her niece accompanied her in a small pony chaise; and, as their road lay across the country, they met with but little interruption, till, coming upon the turnpike, they were surprised at observing numerous groups of people hastening towards the town. At Chariton Lane-end the crowd was so dense that it was next to impossible to press through it, and their little carriage became so completely enveloped by the surrounding mass, that even to turn back was impracticable. The reason of this assemblage was soon made manifest to their senses, for there, across the end of the lane, stood the supporters and cross-beam of a gallows. Young Lion and the most desperate of the crew had been selected to suffer the penalty of the law at Dover, as a fearful warning to the smugglers of that neighbourhood. Aunt Margaret sat in a sort of stupor; but her arm was convulsively grasped round the terrified Ellen, who had scarcely time to conjecture the meaning of what she witnessed, before the melancholy cavalcade approached the fatal tree, and at last drew up beneath it. She would have closed her eyes, but an indescribable dread prevented her, and she gazed upon the spectacle with breathless horror. The unhappy culprits knelt with the reverend clergyman in prayer; Young Lion had his back towards her, but in the countenance of his fellow-sufferer she remembered the features indelibly impressed upon her memory

during the adventure in St. Margaret's barn—it was Teetotum. They rose from their knees, their handkerchiefs were removed, and the noose was adjusted round the neck. Young Lion drew a small packet from his breast, and presented it to the divine, who, by his gesticulations, seemed promising to comply with some request. The young man then turned to the crowd, but, oh God! what was Ellen's anguish and despair when she beheld in that dying man the first, the only love of her heart, Edmund Foster! A shriek, a wild and piercing shriek, drew his attention towards the spot, but the wretched girl had fallen prostrate in the carriage, and Edmund saw her not. A few minutes more, and he hung a corpse.

Ellen was conveyed home in a state of insensibility; and when she recovered a partial glimmering of reason, her constant, her earnest request was, that the body of her lover might be interred in the village churchyard. Through the intervention of friends, this wish was ultimately accomplished; an unsculptured stone was placed at the head of the green sods, and a few months afterwards the devoted girl was laid within the same cold tenement, where stands **THE GRAVE-STONE WITHOUT A NAME.**

[From the Poetry we take]

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

By Mary Howitt.

Go, child, and take them meat and drink,
And see that they be fed;
Alas, it is a cruel thing,
To lack of daily bread!

Then, come, that I may speak to thee
Of things severely true;
Love thou the poor, for Jesus Christ
He was a poor man, too!

They told me when I was a child
I was of English birth;
They called a free-born Englishman
The noblest man on earth.

They bade me say my lisping prayers
Duly both night and morn,
And bless the Father of the World
That I was English born.

My home it was a stately place,
In England's history known;
And many an old renowned deed
Was graven on its stone.

I saw the high-born and the poor
Low bending, side by side,
And the meek bishop's holy hands
Diffuse his blessing wide.

And round and round the sacred pile,
My reverent fancy went,
Till God and good King George at once
Within my heart were blest.

Those were my years of innocence.
Of ignorance and mirth;
When my wild heart leapt up in joy
Of my pure English birth.

Oh, England, mother England,
Proud nurse of thriving men,
I've learnt to look with other eyes
On many things since then.

I've thus been taught—I saw a man,
An old man, bent and hoar,
And he broke flints upon the road
With labour long and sore.

The day it was a day in June;
The nightingales sang loud,
And with their load of snowy bloom
The hawthorn trees were bowed.

The very highway side was bright
With flowers; the branches made
Of tenderest green, above my head,
A pleasant summer shade.

The earth, the air, the sunlit sky,
Of gladness they were full;
My heart rejoiced: when there I heard
Laborious sounds and dull.

They were the old man's hammer-strokes
That fell upon the stone,
Stroke after stroke, with bootless aim:
Yet kept he striving on.

I watched him: coach and chariot bright
Rolled past him in their speed;
Horsemen and peasants to the town;
And yet he took no heed.

Stroke after stroke, the hammer fell
Upon the self-same stone;
A child had been as strong as he,
Yet he kept toiling on.

Before him lay a little heap
Of flints he had to break;
It wearied me but to conceive
What labour they would take.

I watched him still; and still he toiled
Upon the self-same stone;
Nor ever raised his head to me,
But still kept working on.

"My friend," said I, "your task is hard,
And bootless seems your labour;
The strokes you give go here and there;
A waste of power, good neighbour!"

Upon his tool he propped himself,
And turned on me his eye,
Yet did not raise, the while, his head,
Then slowly made reply.

"The parish metes me out my work;
Twelve pence my daily fee;
I'm weak, God knows, and I am old,
Four-score my age and three.

"Five weeks I could not strike a stroke,
The parish helped me then;
Now I must pay them back the cost
Hard times for aged men!

"I have been palsied, agued, racked
With pains enough to kill;
I cannot raise my head, and yet
I must keep working still,
For I've the parish loan to pay;
Yet I am weak and ill!"

Then slowly lifting up his tool,
The minute-strokes went on;
I left him as I found him first,
At work upon that stone.

The nightingales sang loudly forth;
Joy through all nature ran,
But my very soul was sick to think
On this poor Englishman.

Again: it was the young spring-tide,
When natural hearts o'erflow
With love, to feel the genial air,
To see the wild flowers blow.

And near a mighty town I walked
In meadows green and fair;
And as I sauntered slowly on,
A little child came there.

A child she was of ten years old,
Yet with no mirth of mien;
With sunken eye and thin pale face,
And body dry and lean.

Yet walked she on among the flowers,
For all her pallid hue;
And gathered them with eager hands,
As merry children do.

Poor child! the tears were in mine eyes,
Her thin, small hands to see,
Grasping the healthy flowers that looked
More full of life than she.

"You take delight in flowers," I said,
And looked into her face;
"No wonder, they are beautiful;
Dwell you near this place?"

"No," said the child, "within the town
I live, but here I run,
Just for a flower at dinner-time;
And just to feel the sun.

"For, oh, the factory is so hot,
And so doth daze my brain;
I just run here to breathe the air,
And then run back again.

"And now the fields are fresh and green,
I could not help but stay,
To get for Tommy's garden-plot
These pretty flowers to-day."

"And Tommy, who is he?" I asked,
"My brother," she replied;
"The factory wheels they broke his arms,
And sorely hurt his side.

"He'll be a cripple all his days,
For him these flowers I got;
He has a garden in the yard,
The neighbours harm it not;
The drunken blacksmith strides across
Poor Tommy's garden-plot."

As thus we talked, we neared the town,
When, like a heavy knell,
Was heard, amid the jarring sounds,
A distant factory-bell.

The child she made a sudden pause,
Like one who could not move;
Then threw poor Tommy's flowers away,
For fear had mastered love.

And with unnatural speed she ran
Down alleys dense and warm;
A frightened, toiling thing of care,
Into the toiling swarm.

Her scattered flowers lay in the street
To wither in the sun,
Or to be trod by passing feet;
They were of worth to none;
The factory-bell had cut down joy,
And still kept ringing on!

Proud was I when I was a child,
To be of English birth,
For I surely thought the English were
The happiest race on earth.

That was my creed when I was young,
It is my creed no more;
For I know, woe's me, the difference now
Betwixt the rich and poor!

[The Engravings are, for the most part, capital: especially *La Sevillana*, after Lawrence; *Coralie*, from Mrs. M'Lan; the *Trial of Husbands*, (scene, Venice,) after Werner; and the *Cloisters of San Paolo*, at Rome, from Prout.

Friendship's Offering.

[THIS work contains some very graceful poetry, and several tales, as excellent in their moral design as clever in execution. We have abridged one of the latter to suit our space; if not the best, it is, certainly, one of the best, in the volume.]

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIEGE.—A TALE OF THE BURGUNDIAN WARS.

By Emma Roberts.

"NEVER trust me, madam," cried Jacqueline, to her young mistress; "but here is the worshipful burgomaster, Wilkin de Retz, in his dress of estate, with two varlets in flaming liveries before him, knocking at the great gate as though he would beat it down."

"Well," returned Linda, "and what is that to me? He is come to make cheer with my kinsman;—brother, I suppose I must call him, since my poor mother thought fit to invest him with authority over me." And perceiving that her attendant was inclined to prolong the conversation, the fraulien motioned her away; continuing to ply her needle with unconscious industry, while she pondered over her present situation, and future prospects. Linda Wilmsfeldt was the daughter of a poor knight of Brabant, and her mother being reduced to poverty at his decease, had subsequently accepted the hand of a rich burgess of Liege who was a widower, with an only son. The burgess and his second wife were both in the grave, and the high-spirited girl, proud of her noble descent, and chafing over her scanty means, was left dependent upon her step-father's son; who, though not destitute of good qualities, was, like the generality of his fellow-citizens, tyrannical, conceited, and unpolished. Linda entertained a secret dread that her guardian would attempt to usurp an undue control over her; and she justly imagined that the gay attire of Wilkin de Retz had not been assumed without a purpose: she was therefore more displeased than surprised when she received a summons to attend her brother in the hall. Mustering all her courage, she descended to the apartment in which the two worthies were sitting in council together: and the sun's rays streaming in through an open pane in the upper part of the window, catching the rich gold chains which her visiter had bedecked himself, her eyes were dazzled by the refulgence of these costly ornaments. It soon appeared that the modest burgess trusted entirely to these gauds, and to his velvet gown furred with miniver, for the advancement of his suit; for he preserved a solemn silence, and Franz Klingsohr, the host was obliged, after a few preliminary hems, to open the negotiation, which had for its object, a point of no less importance than the disposal of the fair hand of Linda Wilmsfeldt. The lady after the approved fashion of gentle dames, declined the offer, modestly, but firmly; the lover uttered a deep sigh which might indeed have been mistaken for a groan; but Franz, of a less imperturbable temperament, burst forth into a torrent of invective, and, after divers reproaches on

the score of his ward's obligations to his bounty, vaunted the extent of his own authority, and threatened to compel her to accept the offer of his friend. All the spirit of Linda's martial ancestors flashed out upon this insolent menace. Colouring crimson with indignation, she exclaimed, "Sunk and low as are my fortunes, know, thou base slave of mammon, that I despise thy idol gold; and when next you take upon yourself to propose a match for the daughter of a noble line, choose some fitting suitor; for I tell you, sir, that if you cannot find a man of gentle birth within your city, I will send to the knight, Count Lothaire de Lechtervelde, who now invests your gates; my jeopardy will excuse the indelicacy of the prayer, and should he reject my suit,—which he doubtless will, since I am abased by my connexion with a trader,—rather than wed one of the upstart burghers of this vile city, I will ally myself to the lowest, and the meanest,—ay to the blacksmith who works beneath you wall!"

Franz was dumb during this speech, merely from inability to find words strong enough to express his rage. Recovering himself, just as Linda was sweeping out of the room in triumph, he seized her by the hand, and making a strong effort to repress his wrath, desired her to seek her chamber, and remain a prisoner there until she should be prepared to obey commands which he possessed the power to enforce. Gladly flying from the spot, the fair orphan rushed up to her dormitory; but felt a little abashed when reflecting upon the loss of all her self-command, and the somewhat needless display of indignation which had provoked her guardian to draw a heavy bolt across her door, and to detain her in strict confinement. Her rash speech had made a deep impression upon Franz; he was most bitterly incensed by her allusion to the Count de Lechtervelde, who was the scourge and the terror of the inhabitants of Liege: although at this time puffed up with self-confidence, they despised his threat of reducing the city, and treated his approaches with contempt.

It was not surprising, therefore, that the name of the Count de Lechtervelde should be poison in the ear of a Liegeois; and Linda, as gracious recollections of the kindness which she had received from the family who had fostered her from infancy, came across her mind, regretted her cutting sarcasms. Obeying, therefore, the gentle impulse which prompted her to seek a reconciliation with her offended kinsman, she despatched a humble and penitent message by Jacquette, praying to be forgiven. Franz, mistaking the motive for this concession, in the true spirit of his townsmen, resolved to impose hard terms upon one who seemed willing to

submit; and refused to grant a pardon without a promise from the fair culprit to receive his friend Wilkin in the character of a lover; a requisition which Linda treated with disdain; and was, in consequence, kept more strictly confined than ever, being even deprived of Jacquette's conversation.

Indignation at the treatment which she experienced, enabled Linda to pass the first day of her captivity without suffering from ennui; but the second appeared insupportably tedious; and tired of her embroidery, she stationed herself at the window of her apartment in the hope of finding amusement in the passing scene without. The lattice overlooked the city wall, and was exactly opposite to the forge of the blacksmith, whose hand she had declared herself to be willing to accept in preference to that of Wilkin de Retz. She had often seen the honest artisan before, without, however, remarking his personal appearance; and she was surprised, and not a little shocked to perceive that he was a fine, well-proportioned man, with a set of remarkably white teeth, and a pair of dark flashing eyes; an enormous bush of hair on his face obscured his other features, and his skin was so grimed with his occupation that he might have been mistaken for a Nubian; but altogether he possessed sufficient attractions to render the surmise possible, that admiration claimed some share in the choice; and deeply mortified by the supposition that so unpleasant a construction might be placed upon her slipshod declaration, Linda was sufficiently punished for the heedless speech. But her vexation did not end here; the blacksmith, probably made acquainted, through the loquacity of the servants, of the flattering mention of his name, was continually turning from his work to gaze at the window of the lady who had honoured him with her regards; and though his demeanour was not disrespectful, a smile played round his lips, and his eyes spoke eloquent things, if by chance they happened to encounter hers.

Linda, driven away from the lattice by the too pointed admiration of her vulgar neighbour, passed the dreary hours in listless solitude. At night, however, when she could look into the street without being visible herself, she resumed her station. The forge had now become a picturesque object as it contrasted with the surrounding darkness. Its lurid fires spread a strong illumination around, displaying the swart figures which moved about in their red light, and throwing out showers of sparks as the heavy hammer descended on the anvil; even the clink of these instruments sounded not unpleasantly on the ear; and the bustle, hilarity, and activity which prevailed, both within and without, afforded abundant entertainment for the spectator. Citizens were seen hurrying to and fro, bringing their weapons to be

repaired; others led their clumsy, but highly conditioned horses to be shod; the pavement was strewn with armour, and the bright cuirass, and the polished lance, gleamed in the light of the furnace. While surveying the different persons thus busily engaged, Linda could not avoid being struck by the superiority of the blacksmith over all the rest. Prompt, agile, ready upon every occasion, he superintended the work of his satellites, with an air which convinced her that he had been intended by nature for a superior station. He had, moreover, a kind word and a joke for all; and remedying with his own hand any thing that was done amiss, sent away all his customers well satisfied. There was an exquisite grace and ease in his movements which surprised the frauken; more especially as she perceived, that aware how ill it was suited to his station, he sometimes affected a rustic and clownish manner—an appearance however, which he could ill support; for if his attention happened to be called off, he forgot to school his limbs and mien, and the agile spring, the dexterous, elegant movement, all betrayed familiar acquaintance with camps and courts.

Convinced that some mystery lurked beneath, the proceedings of the blacksmith became exceedingly interesting to the fair prisoner; and she was further assured that he was not exactly what he professed to be, by remarking that when the forge was deserted and free from all visitors and lookers on, he never troubled himself with manual labour, though showing at other times considerable expertness at his trade. He seemed to be more familiar with the javelin than with the coulters, and when freed from the gaze of strangers, he lounged idly over his tools, or tilted against the wall, while his fellow mechanics paid him the most profound respect. It was in vain that she puzzled herself to fathom the secret; and tired at length with fruitless conjectures, she dismissed the subject from her mind, and began to consider how she could best recover her freedom. Franz was inexorable to all her entreaties for pardon, and would accept of nothing less than unconditional obedience.

The burgess had lately obtained an office of some importance in the government of the city,—an elevation which he owed to his friend Wilkin,—and having had the casting vote in two instances,—in one of which he displayed his rigorous devotion to justice, by dooming the criminal to the block, and in the other, his love of mercy, by favouring the more lenient party,—he began to fancy that he possessed the power of dispensing life and death. In consequence of this opinion, his aspect became so terrible, that the household scullions, who had been wont to exchange familiar words with their old master's son, fled from him in dismay; and even the turn-

spits hung their tails, and slunk away as fast as their bandy legs could carry them, rushing into the very jaws of the cook at roasting time, rather than face so fierce a personage. There could be no hope for Linda while her guardian continued to entertain these inflated notions of his own dignity; so she made up her mind to a prolonged imprisonment, and, from the mere necessity of taking exercise, busied herself with making alterations in the disposition of the furniture of her apartment. In removing a large press, which, for some time, bade defiance to her efforts, a piece of the arras hanging fell from the wall, and, in endeavouring to replace it, she touched a secret spring. A panel in the wainscot flew open, and disclosed an aperture, which, upon inspection, proved to be the entrance to a flight of dark, narrow, winding stairs. The necessity of procuring a light to guide her through the mazes of this passage, obliged the impatient girl to postpone her peregrinations until nightfall. A lamp was always sent in with her supper, and without an instant's delay, she set forward upon an adventure which she trusted would enable her to quit for ever a roof which had now become odious. The stairs conducted her to a considerable depth below the surface of the earth, and ended in a passage which she imagined, from the direction it took, must lead across the street. Advancing along this path, she was excessively alarmed by a noise which seemed to proceed from the very bowels of the earth; she paused—her heart palpitated, and the lamp nearly dropped from her hand; but reflecting that the din of the city, the tramp of horses, and the roll of carts, would come with a strange and deadened sound upon her ears, she soothed her apprehensions by attributing the extraordinary clamour to natural and common causes. Somewhat reassured, she moved forward, and, arriving at the end of the passage, another flight of stairs presented itself: these she ascended, and arrested a second time by an alarming sound, she clearly distinguished the hum of voices now close beside her. She paused again, and perceiving a chink in the wall, discovered that she was close to the forge. The stairs ran along the side of a subterranean apartment immediately behind the blacksmith's shop; and Linda was now a witness of a secret assembly in which the blacksmith himself, divested of his beard and other disguises, appeared to be the principal personage. A large excavation yawned in one corner of the room, through which the party ascended and descended, apparently giving orders to workmen below. Linda listened breathlessly to the debate, and stood aghast with horror at the words which struck upon her ear.

"Dolts! cravens! drones!" exclaimed the blacksmith, "had ye possessed the spirit of your brave comrades who work from the Bur-

gundian camp, we should have had the mine completed, and the two avenues joined long ago. Tell me not of obstacles! I never found one yet. 'Sdeath! the duke our master will escape the toils of Louis, and be at the gates to wrest the glory of the enterprise from our too tardy hands. By the eleven thousand virgins, and the three Kings of Cologne, I swear, that if the city be won without the assistance of the troops of Charles, I will make you dukes and princes in the land; ye shall drink to the health of Lothaire Lechervelden from golden goblets,—ay, and that of the blacksmith's bride. So bestir yourselves, ye loitering knaves; give me the splendid prize I pant to grasp. Here's to Liege and Linda!"

The terrified girl heard no more, but fled in haste from the spot, resting not a moment until she gained her own chamber; and now at no loss to account for the noise made by the pick-axes and spades, which were cutting a passage through the solid earth. Filled with tumultuous emotions, she was distracted by the multiplicity of feelings contending for mastery. Until this moment she had never suspected that the slightest danger threatened Liege: she, in common with the other inhabitants, considered the attempt of Lothaire in the light of an idle bravado, undertaken merely to annoy the citizens; for even in the event of the hostile approach of the Duke of Burgundy, no one apprehended any serious evil, since all previous quarrels between that prince and his fickle subjects had been made up, after a little bloodshed by the payment of a heavy subsidy; the duke taking care to exact no more than the city was very well able to give. But now if Lothaire should be permitted to execute his project unmolested, Liege would be sacked and placed at the mercy of a triumphant and relentless foe. Could she look tamely on and witness the destruction of a town which had given her shelter in her adversity?—the plunder of its sanctuaries, and the massacre of its inhabitants? No, no; she would fly to the council and apprise them of their danger; her hand was already raised to give the alarm; but the image of Lothaire, pale, bleeding, expiring, by cruel and lingering torture, swam before her, and she paused. Where there no means of saving him from an infamous and painful death! Must he be cut off in the career of his glory,—he whose gay sallies had made her smile when smiles were strangers to her lips?—he who was so beautiful and so valiant, whose kindness and courtesy she had so much admired, and who had, even while anticipating the consummation of all his hopes of conquest, pronounced her name with tenderness? She could not, would not betray him. Yet, again, how could she answer it to her conscience to allow him to proceed unchecked in his ambitious purpose?

Morning came, and found the agitated girl still undecided how to act; but an incident occurred which determined her to trust to the foes who threatened the gates, rather than to the ungrateful people of Liege.

Franz, whose greatest fault consisted in his too ardent zeal in the service of the government, was arrested at break of day, and dragged to prison upon some frivolous charge; his false friend, Wilkin de Retz, being the accuser. Aware that the disgrace of a person who had been entrusted with a share in the administration, was invariably followed by death, Linda felt assured that her only chance of rescuing her kinsman from the block, rested in a successful negotiation with Lothaire. She was fortunately not ignorant of the art of writing—an accomplishment rather uncommon in that period,—and she therefore needed no assistance in her communication with the Burgundian. She acquainted him with the extent of the knowledge which she had acquired, taking care to conceal the means, and the circumstance of its being limited to her own breast; as she justly deemed that if he knew that his secret had been penetrated by one person alone, and that a woman, he would contrive some means to prevent it from spreading further. She proceeded to declare her resolution to divulge the whole affair to the council, unless he and his followers would sign a solemnly attested treaty, guaranteeing the security of all personal property, and the safety of the inhabitants from injury and insult; which document she required should be deposited at the shrine of the Virgin in the church of Notre Dame.

Determined not to make a confidant, Linda prepared to be the bearer of her own despatch and attiring herself in the garb of a page, she threw a cloak over her shoulders, and taking a lance in her hand under the pretence of getting a new point, she stole out of the house, of which she was now sole mistress, and repaired to the forge. The anvil sounded loudly as she approached the shop, in which, as usual, half a dozen men were hard at work. The delicate appearance of the new customer,—an appearance which no art could conceal, although Linda had disguised herself cleverly enough,—excited the merriment of the boors who were busy at the forge.

"What silken spark have we here," cried one, "with his grandame's bodkin to be beaten straight?"

"Gramery," exclaimed another, "thou art a bold lad to trust thyself with a pointless lance; by'r lady, with a dozen such as thou, we need not fear the Burgundian, though Duke Charles himself, headed the onslaught. Go thy ways, elf-ling, thou wilt find needles and thimbles at the tailor's yonder; we deal not in such gear."

Somewhat abashed by this reception, yet

resolved to stand her ground, Linda looked anxiously towards the master smith, and catching his eye, made him an expressive sign. The workmen laughed and whispered among themselves, repressing, however, the jests which sprang to their lips; and Lothaire stepping forward, started with dismay and surprise as Linda, in a low, distinct voice, pronounced his name, and putting a roll of paper in his hand, retreated; the knight not daring to arrest her passage, lest he should be betrayed by the idlers in the street.

Linda had prepared for every thing; she would not return home lest her footsteps should be watched, but entered a church in which she had already hidden a second disguise. Arraying herself in a cloak and veil, which rendered one female only distinguishable from another by the height and size of the wearer, she proceeded to Notre Dame, and stationed herself at a convenient distance from the shrine, choosing a spot in which she was not exposed to observation. Praying fervently for the success of her plan, yet scarcely able to fix her thoughts upon the saint whose aid she sought, she anxiously awaited the time in which she might venture to hope for Lothaire's reply.

Many persons passed and repassed during the period of her anxious vigil, and having performed their orisons before the altar, withdrew. At length the clock struck the appointed hour; she tremblingly approached the spot, and, deposited in the niche which she had named, she discovered and drew forth the answer of the Burgundian. It contained the pledge which she demanded, and although evidently wrung reluctantly from the knight's hand, by the exigence of the moment, it was full, complete, and satisfactory; and Linda doubted not that it would be held inviolate, since the honour of Lothaire de Lechtervelden, whose name engrossed the parchment had ever been unstained.

Returning to her solitary home, Linda, aware that the crisis was at hand, stationed herself at a window to watch the event; having, without exciting any attention, taken care to provide for the security of the house. The usual evening crowd had assembled round the forge, and the same bustle and activity as heretofore prevailed; the blacksmith himself was absent: nevertheless, there was no lack of gaiety,—the loud laugh and the oft repeated burthen of some old song, resounded to the clank of the anvil, and the fall of the sledge-hammer. Gradually, as upon former occasions, the assembly dropped off, the fires decayed, and at length all was silent and deserted; the Cyclops, apparently tired of their work, withdrawing to seek a few hours of repose.

Midnight approached, was passed, and all remained still and solitary as the grave. Shortly after the clock had struck the half

hour, Linda's eyes piercing the deep shade, detected groups of two and three together stealing out under the shade of the overhanging wall, and dispersing themselves noiselessly throughout the city. As the night advanced, the numbers thus emerging from the forge, increased, and one figure taller, and more commanding than the rest, betrayed the disguised noble to the anxious girl. Soon afterwards a signal struck the watchful Linda's ear: the chimes of the cathedral had been changed; all still remained profoundly tranquil, and as the silvery sounds floated through the calm night air, they seemed to speak of peace and security, strongly at variance with the coming strife.

Another hour nearly passed; but then there arose a tumult in the city, at first faint, and apparently no more than might be occasioned by some drunken brawl, but afterwards of a more alarming nature; bells tolled and were suddenly stopped; windows and doors rattled; a cry of "Treason" ran through the streets, mingled with the clashing of swords, and the groans of the wounded. Many who would have bestirred themselves, had they known the real cause, believed it to be a popular tumult, and remained quiescent.

At length the drums beat to arms, the trumpets sounded, but all too late; day dawned, and the bewildered Liegeois found the arsenal and all the principal places in the hands of Count Lothaire's men-at-arms, the garrison disarmed, and the magistrates in prison. The duke's banners waved from every tower, steeple, and pinnacle; and, before ten in the morning, two of the most factious of the burgesses, men who had burned the Duke Philip and his son in effigy, reversing their arms as those of traitors, had been tried, condemned, and executed, by their fellow citizens, now anxious to make a grand display of loyalty. The heads of these men, mounted upon poles, were stuck up at the principal gates, also at the instigation of their late colleagues. No other person suffered, and Franz, liberated from prison by the hand of Count Lothaire, led his deliverer to his sister's feet, and gladly gave his consent to her union with the "Blacksmith of Liege."

[Our poetical quotation is, without doubt, one of the gems of this year's *Annals*, and is worthy of transfer to any album.]

THE DESOLATE HALL.

By Thomas Miller.

A LONELY Hall upon a lonelier moor,—
For many a mile no other dwelling near;
Northward an ancient wood, whose tall trees roar,
When the loud winds their huge-broad branches tear.
A large old Hall—a servant deaf and gray
On me in silence waits, throughout the dreary day.
Before my threshold waves the long white grass,
That like a living desolation stands,
Nodding its withered head where'er I pass,
The last sad heir of these broad barren lands.—
The last within the old vault to repose:
Then its dark marble door upon our race will close.

The whining wind sweeps o'er the matted floors,
And makes a weary noise, a wailing moan;
I hear all night the clasp of broken doors,
That on their rusty hinges grate and groan;
And then loud voices seem to call behind,
The worn and wormy wainscot flapping in the wind.
Along the roof the dark moss thickly spreads,
A dampness o'er the oaken-rafters throwing:
A chilly moisture settles on the beds,
Where lichens 'mid decay are slowly growing.
Covering the curtains, and the damask eyes
Of angels, there entwrought in rainbow-fading dyes.
The toothless mastiff bitch howls all night long,
And in her kennel sleepeth all the day;
I heard the old man say, "There's something wrong,
She was not wont to yell, and howl that way,—
There's something wrong. Oh! ill, and woe betide
The Leech's hand by which my Lady Ellen died."
Sometimes I hear—or faucy—o'er my head
A tramping noise—like that of human feet;
In hollow high-heeled shoes they seem to tread,
And to the sound of solemn music beat:
Then with a crash the window-shutters close,
Shaking the crazy walls, and breaking my repose.
The silver-moth within the wardrobe feeds;
The untuned keys are rusted in the locks;
Upon my hearth the brown mouse safely breeds;
By the old fountain fearless sleeps the fox;
The white owl in my chamber dreams all day,
For there is no one cares to frighten him away.
The high-piled books with cobwebs are o'ergrown,
Their gaudy bindings now look dull and dead;
Last night the massy Bible tumbled down,
And it laid open where my Ellen read
The night she died—I knew the place again,
For she shed many a tear, and each had left its stain.
Oh, how I shun the room in which she died,
The books, the flowers, the harp she well could
sound!

The flowers are dead, the books are thrown aside,
The harp is mute, and dust has gathered round
Her lovely drawings, covering o'er the chair,
Where she so oft has sat, to braid her long brown
hair.

What hollow gusts through broken casements stream,
Moving the ancient portraits on the wall;
I see them stirring by the moon's pale beam
Their floating costumes seem to rise and fall;
And as I come or go,—more where I will,
Their dull white deadly eyes, turning, pursue me
still.

And when a dreamy slumber o'er me creeps,
The old house-clock rings out its measured sound;
I hear a warning in the march it keeps,—
Anon the rusty vane turns round and round:
These are sad tones I for desolation call,
And ruin loudly roars around my father's halls.
The fish-ponds now are mantled o'er with green,
The rooks have left their old ancestral trees;
Their silent nests are all that now is seen;
No oxen low along the winding leas;
No steady neighs out, no flocks bleat from the fold;
Upland, and hill, and vale, are empty, brown, and
cold.

And dance, and song, within these walls have
sounded,
And breathing music rolled in dulcet strains;
And lovely feet have o'er these gray stones bounded,
In snowy kirtles and embroidered trains:
Such things have been, and now are gliding past,
And then, our race is done:—I live, and die,—the
last!

[The Illustrations are chiefly portraits, the
most successful of which appear to be those
of the Hon. the Misses Beauclerk, painted by
Chalon; and Miss and H. Sheridan, by John
Wood. There is too, a bright water-scene,
after Stanfield.]

The English Bijou Almanack.

THE miniature proportions of this Lilliputian gem scarcely exceed one's thumb-nail. In brilliant design, it eclipses last year's almanack: its binding is, indeed, "elegantly illuminated, and beautifully gilt;" and it comes to us in a kind of morocco casket, likewise richly ornamented. The interior is lined with white satin and velvet, and imbedded in the latter lies "the English Bijou." Its graphic contents are six portraits, of Queen Victoria, the late King, Sir Walter Scott, Miss Landon, Mozart, and Grisi; each accompanied by stanzas by Miss Landon, save the portrait of herself, the accompaniment to which is by Mr. Herand. The lines are the minutest of the minute, and remind one of the prize penmanship of old times, when writing-masters contrived to squeeze their prayers into the least possible compass, as a better specimen of their skill than their piety. However, in the case of the English Bijou, provision is made for the eyes of its purchasers—that all who buy may read; for, within the casket is "a powerful microscopic eye-glass, of half an inch focus," in a tortoise-shell folding case; a provision, by the way, which rivals the reply of an ignorant aunt to her nephew, on having sent her a copy of his first work—it was so full of hard words, he should have sent a dictionary with it. We quote a few of the *Bijou* stanzas:

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

And has that young and graceful hand
Empire o'er land and sea;
Yet though upon the lion's mane;
Our little tome may be
A fitting offering, calling back
Thy childish days to thee.
A toy—a trifle, not the less
Our fairy volume brings
The heartfelt wishes for thy sake
That wait on graver things;
May every hour its tablets note
For thee wear angels' wings.

GIULIETTA GRISI.

I HEARD her, and the air was filled
With one delicious song;
Such as when leaves and flowers are hushed
The night hours bear along;
When singing to the sweet south west,
The nightingale broods o'er her nest.

I saw her, and the large dark eyes,
Were lit with heart and thought;
A thousand fairy fantasies,
By that sweet face were brought.
Lady art thou what thou dost seem,
Or art thou but a lovely dream?

The Poems in the *Bijou* are likewise re-
engraved in six separate leaves or pages,
with classical and emblematical arabesque
frame-work, with head and tail-pieces. They
are cleverly designed and etched on steel in
the German outline style, by Mr. T.H. Jones:

they are appropriately named *Album Tablets*; for they are worthy of a place in those shrines of thought and fancy; and, with the *Bijou*, deserve rank among the most elegant intellectual presents of the season.

The Companion to the Almanack.

[THIS sterling Annual, or we should say, Perennial, contains many excellent papers; among which are, Directions for collecting Geological, Mineralogical, Botanical, and Zoological specimens; the valuable paper descriptive of the Railways of Great Britain, concluded from the last *Companion*; Directions for searching the Public Records in the Metropolis, a kind of finger-post article of great utility; a somewhat detailed account of the celebrated experiment of Cavendish, the object in giving which is the "circumstance of the council of the Royal Astronomical Society" having announced an intention of repeating it immediately, and thus of verifying or overturning one of the most remarkable physical investigations which ever was undertaken. We have heard it stated that the government has granted funds for the purpose, and that the construction of the necessary apparatus will soon be in progress; however this may be, we are sure that hardly any expenditure for a scientific purpose could be imagined which would be better justified by the utility of the end proposed." Of the remaining subjects we have only space to mention the New Poor Law Act, the New System of Twopenny Post, and General Surveys of the United Kingdom—of which there are masterly expositions. It should, however, be noticed, that the Section describing Public Improvements is attractive by variety, and clever criticism. Our extract illustrates a branch of invention and improvement, the progress of which is extremely gratifying.]

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

AN act of incorporation has been passed authorizing a company under this name to construct a railway from London to Bath and Bristol, with branches to Trowbridge and Bradford in Wiltshire.

It was at first intended that this line should be connected with the London and Birmingham Railway at Kensal Green, four miles and a-half from its terminus at Euston Grove; but some obstacles having arisen to the satisfactory arrangement of this plan between the two companies, the intention has been abandoned, and the Great Western Railway will have an independent terminus at Paddington. To effect this it is necessary to construct two and a-half miles of additional railway, while the total distance to be

* See their Annual Report for 1836.

travelled will be lessened by about three miles. From Paddington the line passes through or near to Acton, Ealing, Hanwell, Southall, Slough, Salt Hill, Maidenhead, Reading, Didcot, Wantage, Farringdon, Swindon, Wotton Bassett, Chippenham, and Bath, terminating at the depôt in Temple-mead, adjoining the floating harbour at Bristol. From London the road rises gradually to Maidenhead, Reading, and Didcot, by very easy ascents, no where exceeding four feet per mile. From Reading to Swindon, the summit level, about 76 miles from London, the rise is about six feet per mile. At this spot the level is 253 feet higher than the depot at Paddington, and 275 feet higher than the terminus at Bristol. Between Swindon and Bath the descent does not exceed six feet six inches per mile, with the exception of two inclined planes, one at Wotton Bassett and the other at Box. These inclined planes are in a perfectly straight line, and have an inclination of 1 in 100, or about 53 feet per mile; the length of the first is 1 mile 30 chains; of the second 2 miles 40 chains. Upon this inclined plane occurs the Box tunnel, nearly 1½ mile in length. From Bath to Bristol the descent is uniform, at the rate of four feet per mile, or 1 in 1,320. With the exception of the two inclined planes, the line may be considered level, and in this respect it is said that the Great Western line is the most favourable of any of the considerable railways that have been projected. According to the plans sanctioned by the act of incorporation, there would have occurred seven tunnels upon the line, amounting together to 4 miles 54 chains; but some deviations have since been sanctioned whereby two of these tunnels have been avoided, and the railway will consequently be without a single tunnel between London and Corsham, a distance of 96 miles. It is expected that the road between London and Maidenhead, 26 miles, will be opened for traffic by the end of this year, that a further portion of eight miles to Twyford, within four miles from Reading, will be ready in the summer of 1838; and through Reading to Didcot, nineteen miles additional, in the ensuing winter. The principal difficulties in the prosecution of this great work occur at the end nearest to Bristol. In addition to the Box tunnel already mentioned, there are three tunnels between Keynsham and Bristol. It is expected that the line between Bath and Bristol will be opened in the summer of 1838. Some idea of the extent of these railway operations may be formed from the circumstances of between 6,000 and 7,000 persons being constantly employed upon this line, together with 450 horses, and four locomotive and two stationary steam-engines for drawing the wagons, and working the inclined planes. In favourable weather, from 90,000 to 100,000 cubic yards

of earth, &c., are excavated and carried per week.

Two very important departures from the plans hitherto pursued in this country in the constructing of railways, have been proposed by Mr. Brunel, the engineer, and sanctioned by the proprietors of the Great Western line. These alterations consist first in the mode of laying the rails, and secondly, in the distance preserved between the rails. By the means described, the directors of the company express their expectation that the *minimum* velocity of travelling upon the Great Western line will be 25 miles per hour, while the mails and first-class trains will be propelled at a still greater rate of speed. According to a published Time Table, the distance from London to Reading will be accomplished in an hour and a quarter; to Bath the traveller will be conveyed in four hours and ten minutes; and the whole journey to Bristol, 117½ miles, will be performed in four hours and forty minutes, including all stoppages.

For the completion of the necessary works the company is authorized to raise two and a-half millions in 100*l.* shares, and further to borrow on mortgage any sum not exceeding 833,333*l.*

The parliamentary expenses attendant on the passing of the act of incorporation, amount to the enormous sum of 88,710*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.*

The Picturesque Annual.

[THE literary department of this superb work consists of a continuation of Mr. Leitch Ritchie's *Tour in Ireland*. The narrative is light and pleasant reading, and the descriptions show the writer to be a nice observer of "the picturesque and romantic;" but, occasionally, topics are introduced, which are neither germane to the matter, nor fitting the pages of an Annual: such are Mr. Ritchie's references to the tithe question and the poor laws; probably the latter is thought the best stalking-horse subject of the day; but certainly, we did not expect to find it here. We quote a single anecdote, all that we have room for.]

Smuggling.

The establishment of the water-guard here (Bally Castle), as elsewhere, was attended by one mistake, which, especially on a coast like this, diminished much of its efficiency. Instead of employing men who knew the coast, utter strangers were sent from England, and for some time smuggling went on as before. Lieutenant Leeds, however, the first chief of the guard, was a desperate fellow: he boarded smugglers of the largest class, and used his fire-arms freely. His fate was deeply tragic. One day, a fine American vessel, either not aware of the new coast police, or presuming upon its own giant strength, stood boldly into the bay

and fired two guns, either in warning or defiance. Leeds would not be warned, and determined not to be defied with impunity. He got a small smack, manned her with eleven stout fellows armed with muskets, pistols, and cutlasses, and stood boldly out to sea. The twelfth man belonging to his force was too late to get on board. He had waited for a moment to dig a few potatoes for his wife, before embarking on the perilous enterprise; and although the boat had only just left the quay when he reached the spot, Leeds swore that he should not be taken on board, but that the moment he returned he should have him broken. My informant heard the orders given by the lieutenant to his men, which were, that they were to lie flat on the deck till they reached their prize, and then to fire a volley and board in the smoke. Onward bounded the adventurous smack, and in glided the haughty American to meet her. No strife, no struggling, no firing told of the collision. The smack disappeared from the face of the waters under her enemy's keel, and the smuggler continued her course into the bay stately and alone. Only one man rose; he was the owner of the smack, whom Leeds had tempted with a large sum to lend his vessel and his personal assistance. He succeeded in climbing up the chains, but his brains were immediately dashed out with a handspike. This victim's hat was found some time after on the opposite coast of Scotland, with his name inscribed on it. No smuggling of any consequence has taken place in this neighbourhood for the last three years.

[The Engravings are truly splendid, and consist of landscapes by Creswick, and characteristic portraits by Macleish: two of the latter, the *Lady at Prayers*, and the *Wild Irish Girl*, are gems of the first water.

The *LANDSCAPE ANNUAL* for the ensuing year completes the series upon Spain, and enters Morocco. The author, Mr. T. Roscoe, appears to have endangered his health in his task: for while on his visit to Seville, the cholera suddenly broke out, and prevented his visiting some adjacent places. Of this valuable work, we shall give a pictorial specimen anon.

The *ORIENTAL ANNUAL* is, to our thinking, scarcely so successful as in former years. The editor has varied his plan, and in place of continuing the biographies of the *Magnates of the East*, has made a somewhat *scrappy* volume; though variety be gained by the change, its utility is doubtful. In the engraving of some of the Plates, too, there is a slight falling-off: but the majority of them are well executed. We hope they are not the last of the gifted artist, Daniell, whose recent death we have to lament.

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